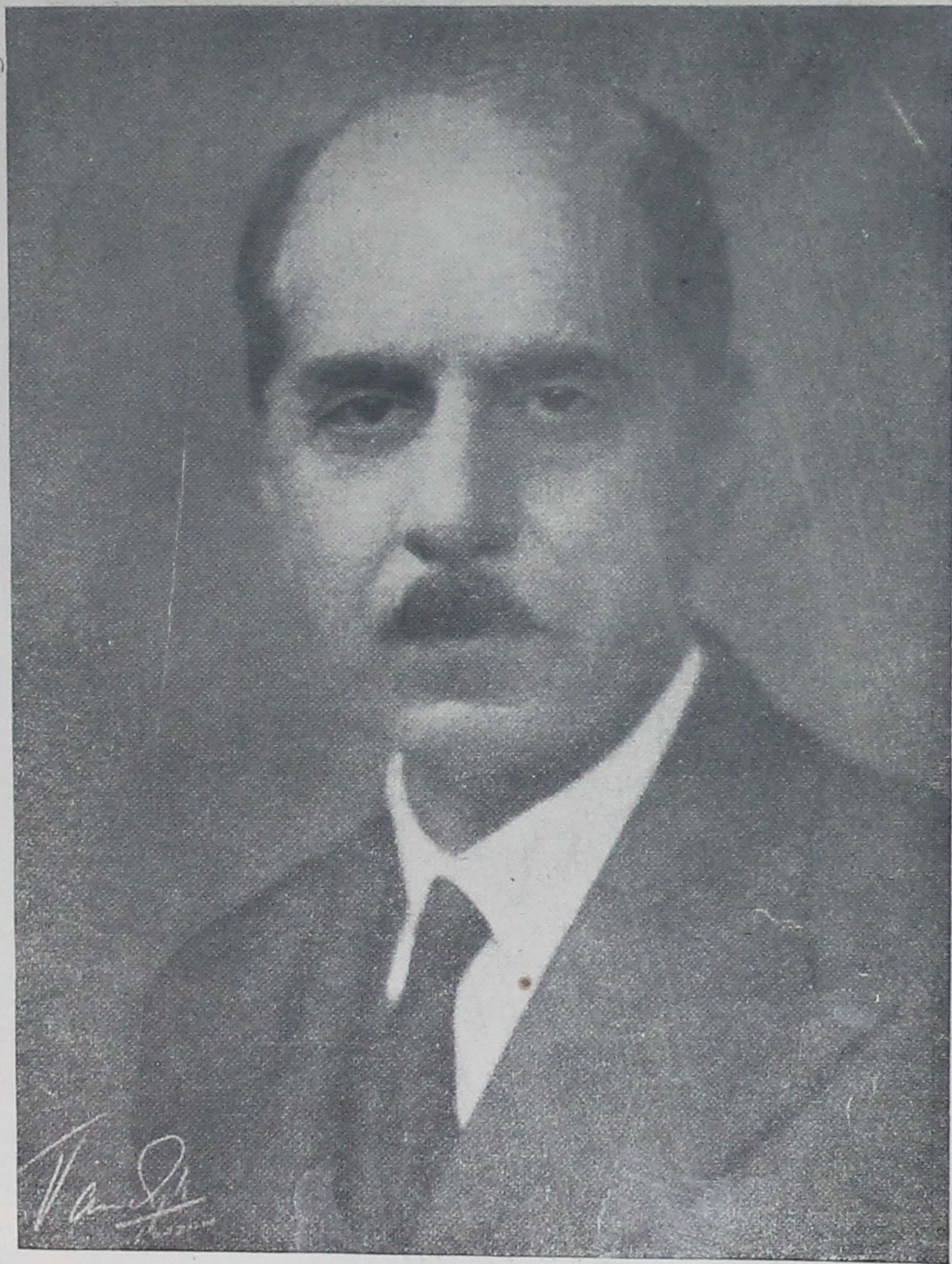




His Excellency The Amire Paigah—The Honourable Nawab Hassan Yar Jung Bahadur—a Great Patron of Arts & Learnings is the Founder of a Chain Movement of IQBAL SOCIETY in His Exalted Highness' Dominions. The premier nobleman of Hyderabad State came to Bombay to preside over the deliberations of the ACADEMY OF ISLAM IQBAL CELEBRATIONS.





FYZEE-RAHAMIN

The Mystic Poet

Who appreciated, assembled and arranged the  
"Memoirs" of the *lingering past* into the *living present*.







# IQBAL

BY  
ATIYA BEGUM

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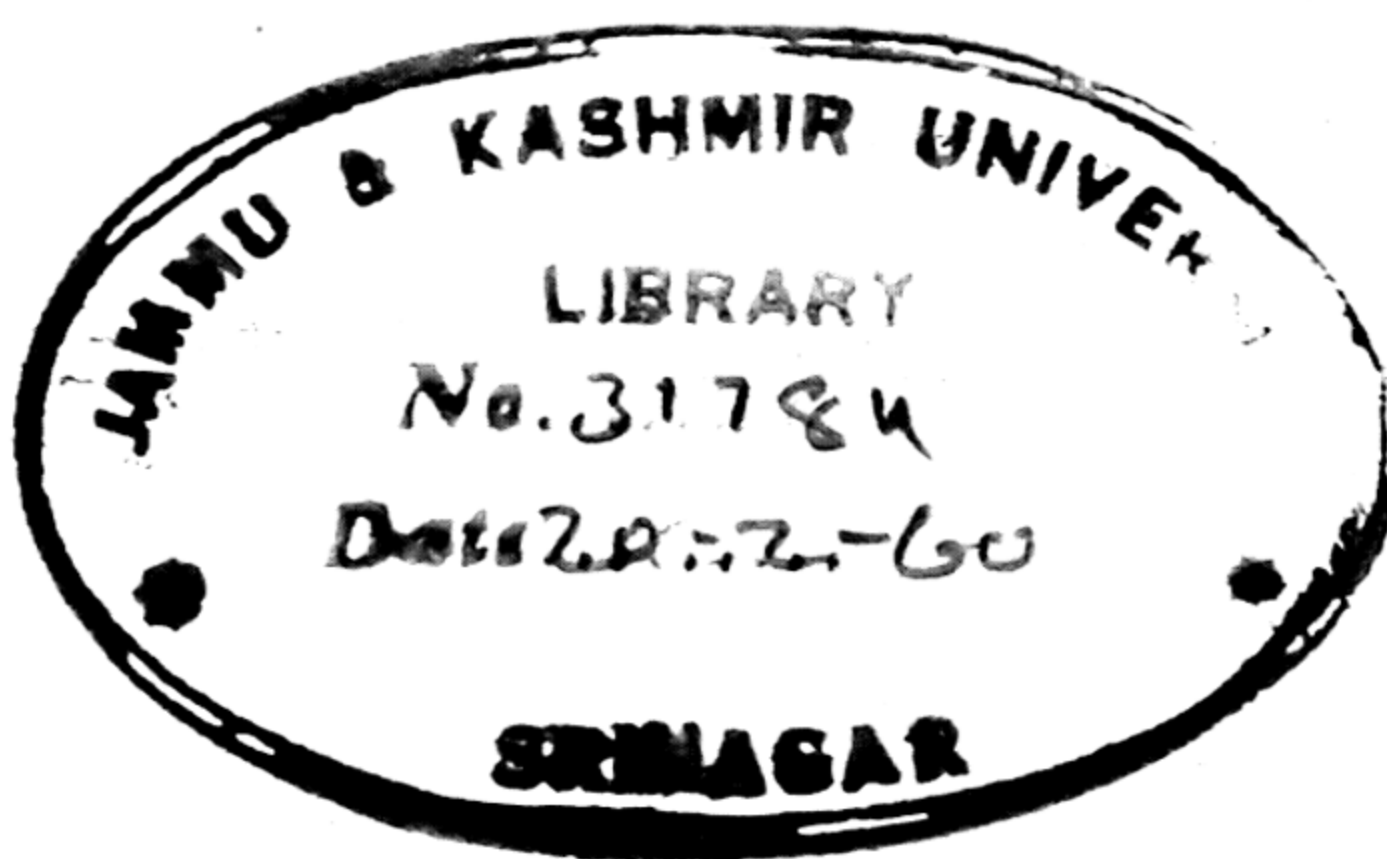
*By the same author*

INDIAN MUSIC (1)

INDIAN MUSIC (2)

SANGIT OF INDIA

ART DYEING—PRINTING & PAINTING  
OF ANCIENT INDIAN FABRICS



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### Fyzee Rehamin's Publications:

GUILDED INDIA	...	A Novel
DAUGHTER OF IND	...	A Play in 3 Acts
INVENTED GOD	...	A Play in 3 Acts
BENI-ISRAEL IN INDIA	...	A History.
BAGH CAVE PAINTINGS		
INDIAN PAINTING & SCULPTURE		
MAN AND OTHER MYSTIC PEOMS.		



# Raison D'etre

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It will be considered odd that I should have thought of publishing in book form Iqbal's letters and my impression of his scholastic career in Europe at this stage, when all these years material for such a publication has been lying with me unknown to anybody. Even now I am *not* bringing this information before the public at my own desire, for such an idea would never have entered my mind. It is not that I did not think it important enough to be known widely, but I not believing in any kind of publicity was diffident in taking such action; hence all this material remained hidden from the public gaze. Many knew that I was in possession of some of Iqbal's original poems, and requests had reached me for their publication, but I did not attach any value to such requests (as many were made out of curiosity, and others saw personal gain in it,) till I came across Ameer-e-Paigah Nawab Hasan Yar Jung Bahadur during my recent visit to Hyderabad State.

I was invited to attend a meeting of the Iqbal Society founded by Nawab Hasan Yar Jung where the teaching and expounding of Iqbal's philosophy is carried out with such sincerity and genuine interest that in spite of myself I felt the force of the purpose in founding such an institution; and when I saw with what difficulty, sacrifice and labour the work was carried on I was unconsciously affected by its honesty and intention. I found Nawab Hasan Yar Jung an embodiment of the Quranic dictate that "Knowledge is the foremost thing to acquire, and to get that, one must go even to the other end of the world." Not only was he concerned in getting knowledge, but through this institution he is helping everyone to reach that ideal, and this is the best action any true Muslim can do. It was Nawab Hasan Yar Jung who suggested the idea, and I could not do better than fall in with his suggestion; hence the appearance of these poems before the public.

My thanks to Miss Hilla Vakeel and Ziauddin Burney for reading the manuscript.

—ATIYA BEGUM.







IQBAL







# IQBAL

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On the 22nd day of August, 1907, the practical realistic outlook of Heidelberg was surcharged with a mystical atmosphere, and University Professors were wondering how to get Iqbal out of the trance he had gone into since the night before. Frau Professor Seneshal and Fraulein Wegenast were scared out of their wits to see Iqbal stiff and inanimate, staring vacantly at an open book in front of him, completely insensible to his surroundings. The whole company which had foregathered to proceed on an excursion, were dazed to see him thus. What had happened to the Herr. Prof. Iqbal? Had he frozen in the cold of night? Would he ever return to consciousness and normality?—were the questions which passed through the assembled group which Iqbal was to join.

Iqbal was in Heidelberg to complete the philosophical research work he had undertaken. Heidelberg provided every kind of facility to such scholars. Here the essence of every branch of knowledge known to the world was filterated and made accessible to the lover of learning, so that men of understanding and ambition made this spot their place of pilgrimage, and their work in this town changed the course of thought and action of the knowledge-seeker. Iqbal had hardly taken three months to master the German language which in itself made him appear an intellectual freak in the eyes of the Professors. This combined with his mystic ideas had caused him to be considered above the general rank of the scholars.

To explain his mystic temperament, I will mention what Iqbal told me about a certain incident he experienced in his childhood which had influenced his mode of thought. The psychic phases of his life he attributed to the teachings of his father. Seeking knowledge was inherent in the family, and for this purpose his father had spent several months in seclusion under the guidance of



a saint and all that was known to him was imparted to his young son, Iqbal, not quite equipped for the responsibility of receiving higher knowledge. But the seed was there, and the watering was done by Iqbal himself — wisely or unwisely the result has shown. One can understand him better in the light of these facts and can follow many ideas that may appear obscure. He also related an incident which occurred when he was eleven. In the dead of night while asleep, he, Iqbal, was disturbed by some noise and saw his mother going down the steps; he got up and automatically followed her to the front door which was half open with a shaft of light streaming through it. His mother from the half open door was looking outside. Iqbal approached her and saw his father sitting in the open space with a halo-like light surrounding him, and as he tried to reach him his mother stopped him, and with a little persuasion sent him back to bed. Early in the morning when Iqbal awoke his first impulse was to run to his father and inquire what he was doing in the dead of night. When Iqbal reached the place he saw his mother was already there, and his father was concerned in relating what he beheld in his trance during the night. Iqbal heard his father say, "A caravan from Kabul that was approaching the city is in great trouble, and has had to halt twenty-five miles away from our town. This caravan has been travelling with an ailing person whose condition has become serious which prevents their journey further, so I must go immediately to render necessary assistance." Thereafter his father gathered some substance, and set out in their direction. Iqbal travelled with him and found his father's one concern was to reach the caravan soon. Luckily tonga reached earlier than expected and found the people troubled and concerned over the condition of the ailing person. From the caravan it was evident that it belonged to a rich and influential family, who were coming to a bigger city to get relief for the sick man.

As they approached the caravan the father got in touch with the leader of the group and asked to be taken to the sick person. This so surprised the man that out of awe they escorted him without inquiring as to how he knew about the illness. When they came into the presence of the ailing man, Iqbal's father found his



condition very serious as the horrible disease he was suffering from had eaten up portions of his limbs, and the body seemed to be slowly destroyed by the disease. He got some stuff in the shape of ashes, and smeared the affected parts with it. Having finished all that he had to do, he assured the party that the patient would live and be healed of his ailment, but that only GOD had the power to replace the lost limbs. It did not seem as if they believed their benefactor and Iqbal was himself sceptical about it, but the next twenty four hours saw improvement in the stricken man's condition, and the patient himself felt confident that he would be cured. A substantial fee was offered and refused, and so they came away. Some days later the caravan reached the town and the ailing man was found cured of his trouble. This incident Iqbal related to me a few days after I met him in Europe—where I had gone to acquire the higher aspects of some branches of knowledge.

At Miss Beck's place in London, where Indian students and visitors used to gather in those prosaic and uninspiring surroundings, I met Iqbal. An exchange of remarks on philosophical subjects made him correspond with me and he often asked my help in the choice of books and holiday locations. My course of reading in modern and ancient philosophy had just been completed and discussion on Plato and Neitsche had shown a divergence in our views and interpretation of these philosophers. Iqbal not satisfied, continued the discussions in correspondence and most of these letters took their course of going out of existence after being replied to, as they did not appear to have any significance then. In April 1907 I received a letter from him along with a poem he had written, on which he requested some critical comments. This poem is published here along with the English script.



Trinity College  
Cambridge

24<sup>th</sup> April 07.

My dear Miss Fyfe,

I enclose herewith one of the  
poems I promised to send you,  
and shall feel obliged if  
you could read it carefully  
and let me know  
your criticism.

I was thinking of sending  
you a copy of my Political  
Economy in India, but  
I am sorry I have not got  
one here. Though it would  
not be difficult to get it  
from India. I shall write  
for it this mail.

Hoping you are getting on  
all

Yours very sincerely  
J. M. Sykes



13



In giving a correct and complete idea of my experiences and knowledge of Iqbal I do not wish to depend upon my memory alone, and as I have easy access to original letters I had written from Europe to my sisters as a personal record of my observations in the form of a private diary I am able to give day to day information, which will explain the distinctive characteristics, mental peculiarities, and certain eccentricities which helped to build the personality of Iqbal in his student days in Europe.

For the first of April, 1907, Miss Beck sent me a "special invitation"—to use her own expression—to meet a very clever man by the name of Mohammed Iqbal, who was specially coming from Cambridge to meet me. This caused me a little amusement as I had never heard of Iqbal before, and as I was used to getting such invitations from various Indians in London, it did not rouse more than passing curiosity. Miss Beck who looked after the welfare of Indian students in London and bestowed upon them a great deal of motherly care, had to be obeyed. At the dinner table I found Iqbal a scholar of Persian, Arabic and Sanscrit, a ready wit and ever alert in taking advantage of one's weak point, and hurling cynical remarks at his audience. Miss Beck had impressed on me the fact before he arrived that he had particularly wanted to see me and being straightforward and outspoken, I asked him the reason why. His deep-set eyes did not reveal if he meant to be sarcastic or complimentary when he said, "You have become very famous in India and London through your travel diary, and for this reason I was anxious to meet you". I told him "I am not prepared to believe that you took the trouble to come all the way from Cambridge just to pay me this compliment, but apart from this jest, what is the real idea behind this object?" He was a bit taken by surprise at my sudden bluntness, and said, "I have come to invite you to Cambridge on behalf of Mr. & Mrs. Syed Ali Bilgrami as their guest, and my mission is to bring your acceptance without fail. If you refuse you will bring the stigma of failure on me, which I have never accepted, and if you accept the invitation, you will be honouring the hosts."

Iqbal had a way of making himself pleasant and agreeable when he liked. In company he was vivacious and was never at a loss for



wit or compliment, but in most cases it was cynicism that predominated. The conversation turned on Hafiz, and being interested in this great poet, I was able to quote many of his appropriate verses. I discovered that Iqbal was also a great admirer of Hafiz. "When I am in the mood for Hafiz", he said, "his spirit enters into my soul, and my personality merges into the poet and I myself become Hafiz." He mentioned another Persian poet—unknown in India, and told me to read at all costs Baba Fughan's works. "Very few of his books are to be found in India, but they must be read as they reveal a different vision." This ended the impression of my first meeting with Iqbal, during which we fixed the 22nd April for my visit to Cambridge.

A few days later Iqbal invited me to supper at Frascatis, a fashionable restaurant in London, to meet some German scholars with whom he was working. Everything was thoughtfully and delicately arranged at this dinner, and my remark of appreciation made him say, "I am two personalities in one, the outer is practical and business-like and the inner self is the dreamer, philosopher, and mystic." Apart from the dinner which was delicious in itself, I had an intellectual treat talking and discussing on deeper matters with the German philosophers and Iqbal. I returned the courtesy by arranging a little tea for him on the 15th. of April to which I invited a few of my scholarly friends. They included Miss Sylvestre, Miss Levy, well-known in London as language and philosophy students, M. Mandel and Herr Metztroth who were famous musicians. The company was vivacious, and when Iqbal composed a humorous poem these ladies capped the verses in a similar manner, and the air crackled with intellectual fireworks from start to finish. At one moment I made an attempt to write down Iqbal's lines, but he said, "These expressions are meant only for this particular occasion, and its mission ended the moment they were uttered." Our musician friends gave a beautiful rendering of classical music, and the three hours spent thus were remembered by all for a long time.

On April 22nd, 1907, as previously arranged, I started for Cambridge in company with Iqbal and Sheikh (now Sir) Abdul Qadir. All along the journey these two scholars conversed in a



learned manner, knowledge intermingled with wit and humour, and kept me interested till we reached Syed Ali Bilgrami's place at twelve noon. Iqbal performed the ceremony of introduction to the Syed Ali Bilgramis with the air of handing over a sacred package saying, "If ever I faced the prospect of courting a failure in life, it was with Miss Fyzee, who out of sheer consideration for you saved me by not declining your invitation," and ended by quoting a Persian verse of his own composition. The day was one of brilliant conversation and learned arguments between all those gathered at Bilgrami's. At times when Iqbal looked tired and dull, it was only that he was watching and waiting for any remark from one of the party that needed a reply and he came out with one with lightning rapidity. I noticed this characteristic of Iqbal for the first time, and realised that when he looked disinterested and dull he was only watching for an opportunity to retort, and it was so quick and unexpected that the opponent was floored for the time being by this unexpected suddenness. It reminded me of William Gladstone and his ways in the House of Parliament. I returned the same evening to London.



Picnic at Syed Ali Bilgrami's, Cambridge



On the 1st of June, 1907, at Professor Arnold's invitation, I went to Cambridge for a picnic. It was arranged under a tree by the banks of a river, where many noted scholars had collected. The talk rambled and was general, so to give it a deeper tone Prof. Arnold launched into discussing the problem of Life and Death. Everyone put forward his own views, and when the discussion became one of hazy arguments, Prof. Arnold turned to Iqbal and asked what he had to say on the subject. Iqbal who had maintained complete silence up to now replied with a cynical smile, "Life is the beginning of Death, and Death the beginning of Life." This brought the discussion to a conclusion.

On the 9th of June, 1907, I was dining with Prof. Arnold, and Iqbal was also there. Prof. Arnold mentioned an important discovery of a rare Arabic MS. in Germany that needed deciphering, and said, "Iqbal, I am going to send you there, as you are the right man for this responsible work." Iqbal pleaded he was only a novice as compared to his teacher. Prof. Arnold replied that he felt sure that in Iqbal's case the student would surpass his teacher. "If this is your conclusion, Sir," said Iqbal in a slightly cynical tone, "I accept my teacher's idea, and obey his commands." Prof. Arnold knew what Iqbal meant, and confirmed in his mind that Iqbal had distinct advantage over him in this matter. All this was expressed with so much finesse and in such courteous language that it constituted a perfect specimen of the art of verbal duelling between intellectual and cultivated people.

The next day Iqbal came to my place with a few German and Arabic books on philosophy in the company of a German Professor, and read out portions from them starting a discussion in which we all joined, referring to Hafiz in between as a comparison. I felt that Iqbal believed more in Hafiz than in any other Persian poet, as there was not an occasion he let go, but referred to the ideas and ideals of Hafiz and compared him with other philosophers. For full three hours the reading and discussion went on, and he averred that "by reading and discussing in this manner my ideas expand and convictions become firm."



On the 23rd of June, 1907, a function was organised at my place, when the guests included both the Indian and English notabilities. Dr. Ansari entertained us with songs, Lord Sinha's daughters Komola and Romola with music, and Iqbal with extempore compositions of clever and witty verses referring to almost every important guest present by making exaggerated remarks about their peculiarities, sending us all into roars of laughter !

A German woman named Miss Sholey invited me to an Indian dinner on the 27th June. I was glad, as an Indian meal in London was not to be dreamt of, so I readily accepted, and discovered that Iqbal was staying at this place, and it was at his suggestion that Miss Sholey had invited me. The meal which had a real Indian touch and flavour, was prepared under Iqbal's instructions, and he told me that he could manage almost anything in Indian cookery but his real object in inviting me was to read the thesis he had just completed for his degree. Iqbal read the whole of it, which showed the amount of research work he had done. On concluding the reading he invited remarks, and all what I said was made note of for inclusion. Hardly had we finished this work when in came several friends, and we proceeded together to attend the annual function at Imperial Institute. Royalty was present and had its flavour of interest for all except Iqbal who looked bored and remarked throughout the evening, "It was a delightful waste of time." I told him I considered this observation contained nothing of his usual originality.

The 29th of June, 1907, Lady Elliotts, a society hostess, gave a party at which I was a little surprised to see Iqbal. While I was conversing with him, in rushed Miss Sarojini Das, dressed in the richest garments, outrageously bejewelled, & incongruously decked. This specimen of humanity had travelled with me to England, and regarded herself as a paragon of all that is desirable. Ignoring me and everyone that came in her way, bubbling with copious sentiments, she took Iqbal's hand saying, "I only came to meet you." Iqbal returned the compliment by saying, "This shock is so sudden that I shall be surprised if I am able to leave this room alive."



By the 4th of July, 1907, Iqbal had finished writing the History of the World he had undertaken for his German examination. He read out the whole MS. to me and when I made a few observations on certain facts, his remark was, "Each person has his own particular angle with which he approaches facts, and I see the History of the World in this particular light." He was a store-house of knowledge with a remarkable memory, and this could be seen from the facts he had collected for this work. Miss Sholey again offered us a delicious Indian meal, prepared under Iqbal's directions. She herself being an expert house-keeper, could take advantage of any new dish shown to her.

Interest in deeper studies was heightened, and Iqbal seeing my interest and knowledge, fixed 13th, 14th & 15th of July, 1907, for reading philosophy for two hours each day. Prof. Herr Schac-cent who had taken his Ph. D. Degree in Germany, myself, and Iqbal read and discussed poetry and higher philosophy with absorbing interest. Iqbal was all for German knowledge, and said, "If you wish to increase your understanding in any branch of learning, Germany should be your goal." He further declared, "By discussing with others, a new world opens, and it is with this method that I acquired all that I know." The following day Iqbal presented his original MS. of Political Economy to me, and also the Thesis which secured him his degree. This work was later translated in German and published. It was a learned work that brought him considerable prestige.

On the 23rd of July, 1907, a *Conversazione* was held at which most of the Indians in London assembled, when amidst enthusiasm, a student by name Parmeshwar Lal spoke of letters he had received from home, and a journal called "Makhzan". He then read out songs from this magazine to the assembly; they were patriotic songs by Iqbal which, he said, were sung in the whole of Northern India; houses, streets, alleys, resounded with Iqbal's National songs, which created a feeling of Nationalism unknown in India before. The whole assembly was so excited with the news that all present began singing these songs from "Makhzan", and the hall resounded with Iqbal. When the enthusiasm had subsided, I brought out a



letter I had received from Iqbal who was already in Germany. It was written in the German language and when it was read out both the fluency of the writer and the literary merit of the work were admired. Prof. Arnold requested me to give this letter to him, saying, "Though Iqbal is my pupil, I get instruction from his writings!" He further said that I was fortunate in receiving such an important communication from him, and assured me that "this will remain as a cherished piece of German literature in my possession." It was a delicate situation, and I could not but grant the request of this great man, so handed over to him Iqbal's letter. Prof. Arnold also possesses the two MSS. Iqbal gave me on 16th July. As Prof. Arnold desired to possess these also, one could not help but accede to his request.

On the 16th of August, 1907, Prof. Arnold invited me to his home in Wimbledon. His is known to be an ideal household, and his nine-year-old daughter, created a lively and cheerful atmosphere by her presence, while maintaining due regard for her father's philosophical moods. Miss Stratton, a German scholar, was also there. The conversation centred mainly round my work in London. I was contemplating returning to India after completing my work but Prof. Arnold pleaded that I should spend some little time in Germany, and particularly in Heidelberg, so that my ideas on the subject of philosophy would be enlarged. Miss Stratton explained all the great possibilities Germany offered, and how one's vision and power of understanding widened, and so impressing upon me the advantages of going there that I felt I should not miss this opportunity, and decided to visit Germany with my brother Dr. Fyzee, who knew the German language and was also anxious to go there having visited that country once before. Amongst many things, Prof. Arnold discussed Iqbal's achievements, and showed me many of his original writings, including the two MSS. and the letter he had taken from me.

Iqbal had evidently been informed of my resolve to visit Germany, which I knew from the letter I received in London on the 6th August 1907, giving a list of books he had collected for my



perusal, mentioning the different towns and museums I should visit while in Germany. I replied that I had fixed 19th August to start from London, by which time my arrangements for relinquishing the responsibilities I had undertaken in London, would be completed.



## HEIDELBURG, GERMANY

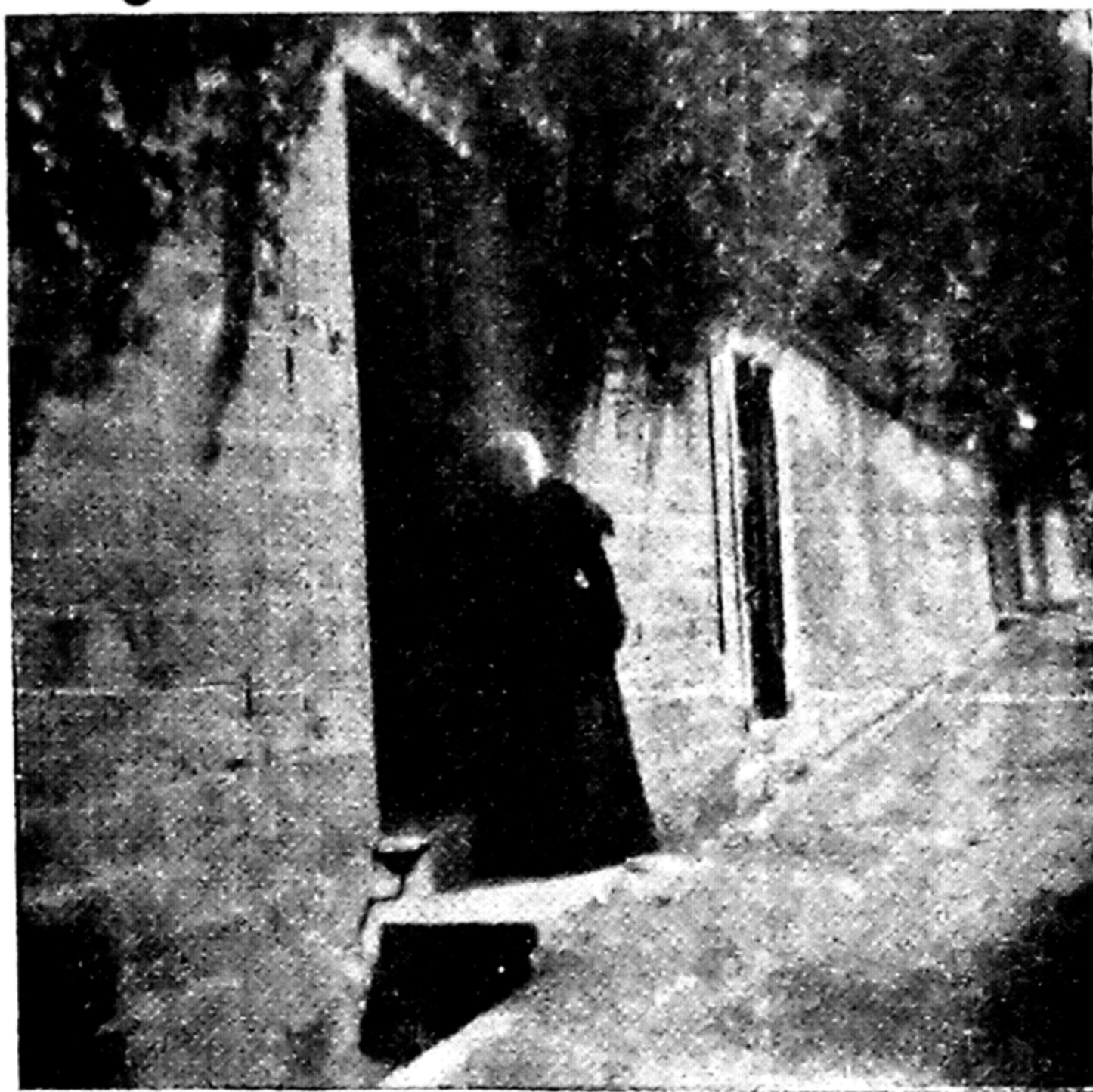
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As arranged, I left London for Heidelberg, Germany, on the 19th August, 1907, with a group of Indian students, including my brother Dr. Fyzee, reaching Heidelberg at 5 p. m. the next day. Herr Prof. Iqbal, as he was called, was prominent amongst the people who had gathered to welcome us. The contrast with the London atmosphere was so great that for a moment I felt as if I was amongst my own people in India. The spontaneous friendliness, the homeliness in greeting us though we were strangers, and the genuine pleasure shown at our visit was such, that all conventionalism disappeared, and the need for formal introduction had no value. There were several women but the two most prominent were Frau Prof. Wegenast, and Frau Prof. Seneschal — both exceedingly young and handsome. These two women were leading me to my place of residence, when Prof. Iqbal who was accompanying us, remarked, "Now Miss Fyzee's work undertaken in Europe will be completed."

When we arrived in the well laid out University garden, delicious coffee and cakes were waiting for us, the rest went about preparing their own refreshment, and Iqbal was one of them going about with the perfect ease through all the informalities of this place. Here Iqbal appeared full of humility, which contrasted so greatly with egoistic cynicism in London. The two beautiful women Professors were Iqbal's teachers, from whom he was receiving instructions in weighty subjects. Apart from the University work every student had to learn boating, classical music, singing, gardening, hiking, and climbing, etc., and this, intermingled with University studies, made a delightful course. Iqbal had to join all branches, and was intelligently interested. There were two things he proved deficient in; he had no voice for singing, and was always unpunctual in attending. These faults were accepted by his Professors with understanding. One fact which impressed me



greatly in this place, was that the University hostel of over a hundred students and Professors was run by a venerable old lady of seventy, Frau Prof. Herren, who at this age, was considered the cleverest of all in Heidelberg, and well-known as a great musician.

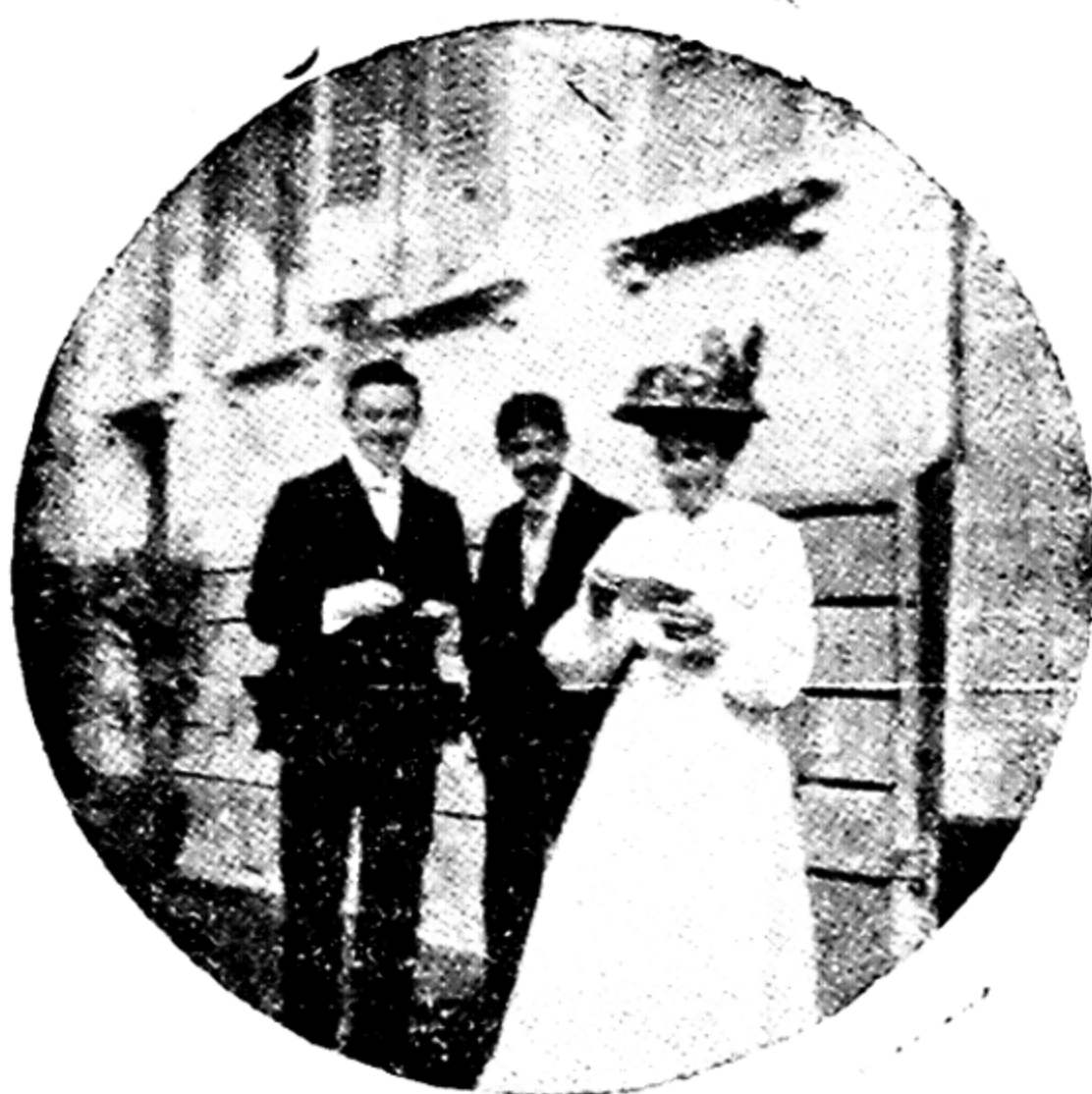


Frau Prof. Herren

In this delightful University the standards of living for the teachers and the students were exactly the same, and it was impossible to distinguish who was who until the time for taking lessons arrived and you heard the expounding of intricate questions in philosophy and such other deep subjects by those who were teachers in this University. The only advantage given to the Profs. was that they had nothing to pay for their board and lodging, while the students had to pay for the advantages they received. After the day's formal teaching was over we drifted to a coffee house on the banks of a river near by, and a group of students with the two girl Professors Frau Wegenast and Fraulein Seneschal started a discussion on German, Greek and French Philosophy. These girls knew all the three languages, and I saw what a storehouse of knowledge they were. Iqbal heard and absorbed all that was said with deep attention and humility, and so intent was he in listening that when the whole thing was over he still seemed to take



in things from the silence surrounding him, and when the time for departure came he looked as if he was just waking up from a dream. So unlike to what I had seen him in London. Germany seemed to pervade his being, and he was picking knowledge from the trees that he passed by and the grass he trod upon. Fraulein Seneschal's expounding of philosophy attracted him greatly and he seemed inspired by her teachings. At times when Iqbal's answers were incorrect Fraulein Seneschal so gently corrected him that Iqbal like a schoolboy bit his fingers, meaning, "why didn't I say this as I should have done." This phase of Iqbal was unknown to me, as the spirit of a cynic that so predominated in him in London was totally absent, and I began to wonder if what came under my observation there was correct.



Fraulein Seneschal.

After this kind of instruction the whole company walked up a hill near by mounting one thousand steps, to reach the Schloss on the top of this hill, and each was asked to relate its history. Iqbal was absolutely correct in what he said, and ended by remarking that the finest view of Necker Valley was to be obtained from here. The summit of the hill was reached by singing operatic songs, in which Iqbal joined — all out of tune and with no voice in the bargain !

22nd August, 1907, was the day with which the beginning of this little booklet was made, and reference to the incidents of this day is already embodied in the first chapter. It was on this day that a picnic excursion which combined study and recreation was



arranged, and all came ready for the purpose. Our party swelled as we picked up the picnickers one by one from their place of residence. Iqbal's residence was one of the last on the way and when we reached there, instead of finding Iqbal waiting to join us, we saw him in a trance, as mentioned in the beginning. This situation had caused concern amongst those assembled, and none had the courage to approach him, not knowing what the consequences of such a disturbance would be. Frau Prof. approached me to inquire what should be done. Though impressed to some extent I was a bit amused at the situation and walked up to the table where Iqbal was sitting in a meditative attitude completely lost to his surroundings. As there was no response to my call I shook him with the help of Frau Professor when he showed signs of coming to himself, murmuring why he had been disturbed. I spoke a few scolding words in Urdu reminding him that he was in a matter-of-fact German City and not India, where these idiosyncracies can be gulped down. After this Iqbal came to himself and joined the excursion and all went well. During the excursion I got a quiet moment when I gave Iqbal a bit of my mind on his psychic exhibition. We were snapped by one of the party as I was talking to Iqbal. The photograph below explains :—



We marched along our route, when suddenly Fraulein Wegennast burst into an Indian song I had taught her the night before "Gajra bechanwali nadan yeh tera nakhra." All joined in the song which sounded like a Choral Symphony, collecting wild flowers to weave into wreaths as we went along. Suddenly the assembly



stopped and amidst fun and amusement placed the wreaths round Iqbal's head saying, "We crown you the King of the unknown."

On the top of the Hill, which was our destination was a Hotel, the country home of the grand Duke of Hesse. The 23rd of August had been set aside for an unusually long excursion which was arranged for instructional purposes. Iqbal was asked to lead, which meant that he had to give historical data about the different places of interest we passed, and whenever he erred, the other students provided the information. In this manner we reached a place called Konigstall (King's stool) on which Iqbal planted himself, composing humorous poems in Urdu. When the German students asked what he meant by these foreign verses, Iqbal said, "I am asked from the unknown to command you in Heavenly language that you form a magic circle and let us have music of the angels." This command was immediately obeyed, and part of a German Opera was sung by all, a most perfect rendering being given. After this we went to Kohloff, three miles away. This once an Emperor's pleasure garden was like a valuable gem, set within beautiful emerald surroundings. After hearing all the historical facts and points of beauty, we returned to University Hostel deciding that the following day would be reserved for questions and answers. This provided an amazing exhibition of intricate questions some of them having no answers and remained unanswered.

25th of August was set aside for our visit to the Heavenly Garden (Bagh-e-Firdous) in which a King had built Temples of all countries including a mosque. The garden was laid out in waterfalls, lakes, ornamental pavilions, and a treasure house of birds amidst fruits and flowers. The Mosque-like edifice was imposing in appearance, with ALLAH'S names carved in Arabic characters all over. I also noticed carving of several verses of different Surahs. Everyone was interested to know what the writing meant, so in a solemn manner Iqbal read the inscription in Arabic, and told us what, he said, was the history of this place. Iqbal related that the king who built this place came across a heavenly beauty and wished to marry her. The Hoor or the beauty said, "I shall consent to be your Queen on condition that first you become a Muslim and build a Mosque where our Nikah will be performed." The king



obeyed her commands, and ordered his men to build a Mosque and here their marriage was performed. Iqbal related all this with such solemnity, that we did not know what to make of it. Of course we Indians laughed, and felt it was bluff but Iqbal maintained so serious an attitude throughout, that the rest believed that what he stated was a historical fact.



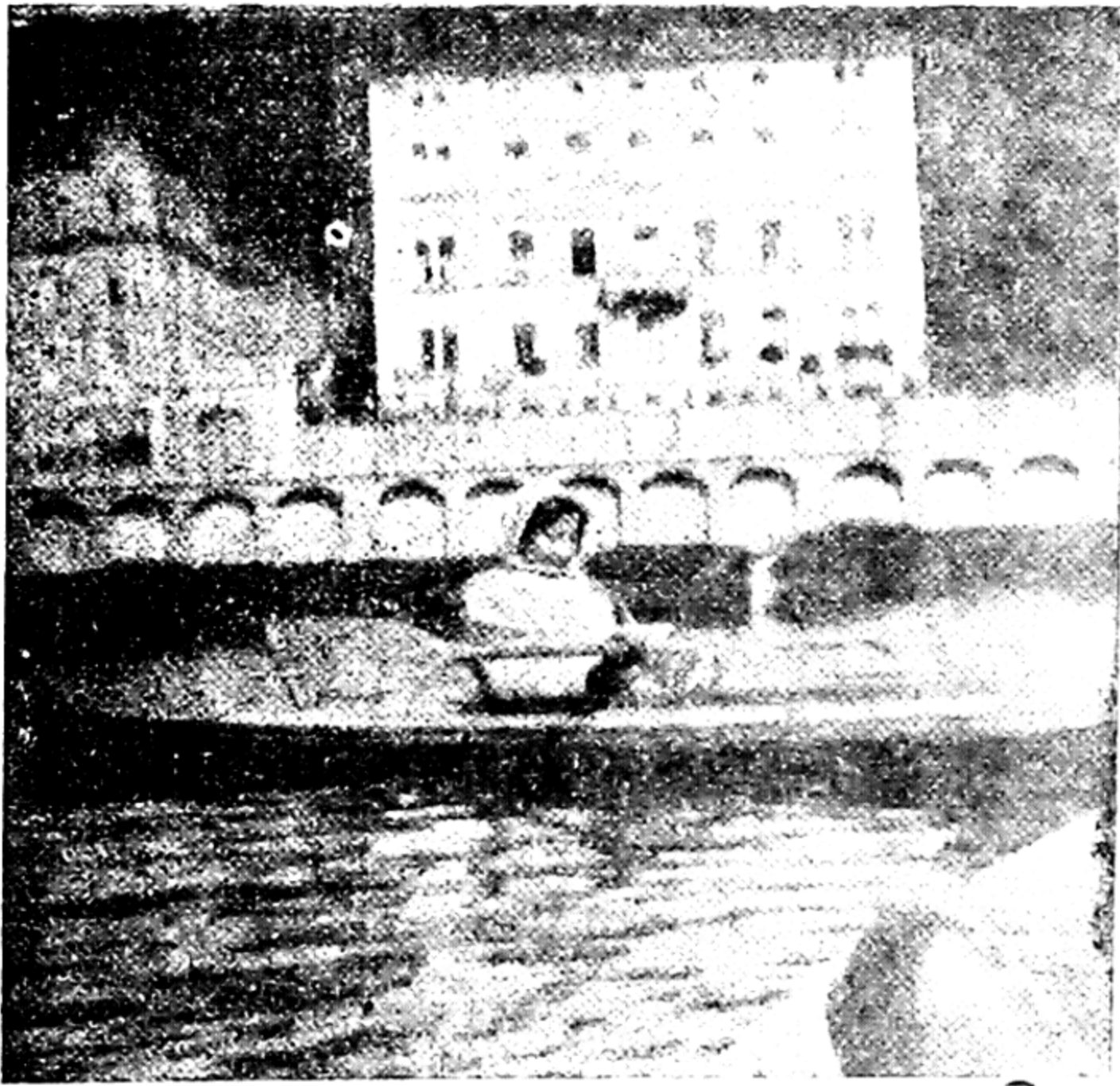
Mosque in Bagh-e-Firdous.

Spent the 28th of August, 1907, in Munich. Of all places in Germany Iqbal liked Munich best, partly because he had his first lessons there under the direction of the beautiful and charming daughter of Herr. Prof. Rann. Iqbal called Munich the "Isle of Bliss, bathed in the sea of imagination." After visiting most of the important places in Munich, we went to the home of Prof. Rann, and after a few formal words, the young beauty Fraulein Rann started examining Iqbal to find out what deeper studies he was engaged in, and how much he had acquired since he had left Munich. I was amazed to see how great her knowledge was and saw that very often she corrected Iqbal for the errors that had crept in his way of thinking, and gently took him to task for so going astray. Hardly had I got over my astonishment when this lovely child went to the piano and played with masterly technique one of the classical pieces of music and asked Iqbal whose composition it was. Iqbal was completely lost in front of her, and she was all the time giving us illuminating surprises. She seemed perfect in every branch of learning – apart from being a perfect piece of creation. This went on for full three hours, and I discovered that under her guidance Iqbal had written



his famous Thesis that gave him his Ph. D. This finishing touch of Munich was most impressive, and we returned to Heidelberg again.

Heidelberg, 30th August, 1907. On this day boat racing was organised and it was an amusing show. Every one had to take part in this race, and Iqbal exhibited his skill by coming last ! Even I superseded him. (Photograph explains) The evening was spent in questions and answers, and in these three hours the whole world was ransacked.



Atiya Begum  
in  
Boat Race.

Iqbal Coming Last  
in  
Boat Race.



31st August was set aside for visiting the famous Schloss Neckerbeinstein situated on a great height in the distance; one had to pass through the beautiful Necker Valley to reach the place. For its surroundings a famous fruit forest had been planned which



contained every conceivable fruit in Europe you could think of. Through this fruit garden flowed a small river with waterfalls in between that gave it the touch of Paradise. There was no restriction of any kind for the visitors who entered this garden, so we enjoyed the fruits and flowers Nature had offered us, and the Company was so filled with joy that they improvised a flower dance to crown the moment. It was led by Frau Prof. Wegenast who danced with Iqbal a folk-dance in which other students joined. Iqbal being awkward in this accomplishment, caused great merriment, and all were like a happy family. In between this enjoyment learning new things and answering intricate questions kept the standard as high as one could expect in spite of this seeming frivolity.

In this manner every day was crowded with new visits, new games, new lessons, and little incidents like the one I am mentioning happened all along. Once Frauleins Wegenast, Seneschal, and Kadernat were doing what is known as Physical Culture exercises, and I had Fraulein Wegenast's arm round me as the exercise demanded. We were busy with this work, when suddenly Iqbal appeared and stood in front of us staring and transfixed like a statue. When Fraulein Prof. Wegenast asked Iqbal what he was looking at so intently, he immediately replied, "I have suddenly been transformed into an astronomer, so I am studying the constellation of Stars". At dinner the same evening we had a guest who possessed beautiful golden hair, and being very young the down on her face was a little too apparent, so he turned to me and said in Urdu, "Iske Aariz par sunehri bal hain -- Ho Tilai ustra Iske liye." I could not help but laugh in an uncontrolled fashion at his versatile humour.

My visit had come to an end, and I was to leave Heidelberg the next day which had many interesting episodes. In the well-known Sperehoff fruit garden we were gathered, each preparing one dish, and Iqbal had prepared an Indian one. Each dish was praised or criticised according to its merit, and when the time for my departure came, they all lined up placing me in front of them. I did not know what it meant, but someone had written a song of farewell for me,



and Iqbal led the song, and all joined in the Chorus. Thus ended my memorable visit to Germany.

I returned to India and had no occasion to meet Iqbal, but received many letters to which I replied, though I have no record of the same. In 1908, I again had to go to Europe accompanying my sister and brother-in-law Their Highnesses Nawab Sidi Ahmed Khan and Rafiya Sultan Nazli Begum of Janjira when Iqbal called on their Highnesses & wrote this poem in my sister's autograph album:—

اگر زبیر آت ہے جیسے سرفرو - فیض آت ہو سکی گل بسرفرو  
 رنجر کے رتر موج غباراہ سے - دینا ہے بیدار شب کو نور کی چادر فر  
 کار و قوم کو رہے زینت طبع - جی طرح رگوں پر صدی فخر افتخار فر  
 شمع بزم اہل علمت را جانغ طور کس  
 یے ظلم خانہ مارا سراج نور کس

Cadogan Hotel  
 75, Sloane Street.  
 London

۱۹۰۸  
 ۹ جون

انجیب

We returned the same year to India to find my mother ill, and her ailment proved fatal. Intimation of this bereavement was evidently sent to Iqbal, giving that as one of the reasons for not replying to many of his letters. Here is one of the many poems sent by Iqbal:—



جسکو جس گل کی سڑ پاتی تھی اچھلنے لگی۔ - خولے قسمت کے آخری لپاؤ گل نے  
 خود سڑ پاتا تھا جس دن والوں کو سڑ پاتا تھا۔ - بکوجب رئیس نوابانہا سڑ پاتا تھا  
 سڑ بکوجب مر دی مغل سڑ پاتا تھا۔ - اور کباب حرم الفت کے لئے بنایا تھا  
 نامراد کی مغل میں مر رہی تھی۔ - مہر علی آئینہ دار شہر دیو راجی  
 از نفس درینہ خورشید نشین  
 زیر خاشکی نہاں خورشید نشین

دہلی کے جہاں میرہ پشانی نہیں۔ - اہلی عشق پر گراں مری غزل خوانی نہیں  
 عشق کے کمانے سے لگا بیٹھے چھارے۔ - کھیلے ہیں بلیوں کے ساتھ اربابے مرے  
 خازنہ الفت کے یہ خاک سے آئینہ ہے۔ - اور آئینے میں عکس جہدم دیرینہ ہے  
 قید میں آیا تو حاصل محبوب آزاد ہوئی۔ - دل کے ٹوٹ جانے سے کمر کی آبادی ہوئی  
 صوفے اس خورشید کی اختر مرانا بندہ ہے۔ - چاندنی جیسے خبار راجہ شہزادہ ہے  
 یک نظر کردی و آداب فنا آموختی  
 آفت زور سے فنا خاک مراد آموختی

میوٹک (جرجی) دور افتادہ اقبال

I had also invited him to Janjira on behalf of Their High-



nesses the Nawab Saheb and Begum Saheba of Janjira and the letter dated the 13th of January 1909 given here is his reply:—

Lahore

13<sup>th</sup> Jan. 09.

My dear Miss Mayya,

Thank you so much for the very kind letter which I have just received & my great relief. I had in mind to come to Bombay for a personal expression of sympathy, but unfortunately on the 29<sup>th</sup> of Dec. when I was participating in one of conference <sup>discussions</sup> ~~discussions~~ I received a telegram from home telling me that my brother was seriously ill. I had to run to Madras the same afternoon. The evening before I looked after him. Thank God he is alright

now. God has spared him  
for me. I have spent a  
good deal of his money. His loss would  
have been dreadful from  
every point of view.

It is extremely kind of their  
highnesses & yourself to ask me  
to come to Paris. Nothing  
could be more pleasant  
as well as profitable intellectually  
& physically. But you are  
aware that I have just started  
my business which requires  
my constant presence  
at the station. For the  
sake of others I must forego  
the pleasure of your society -  
in spite of a strong - almost  
irresistible desire - to come



and keep you a long distance -  
in getting over your recent  
sorrow. I feel I can be of  
some use to you in  
this respect, but I am  
constrained to be cruel to  
my sentiments - in suppressing  
them for consideration. I have  
force makes itself felt -  
- situated as I am - all  
the more vehemently.

Please do not dislike for  
me for this bit of worldly  
wisdom which, of course, is  
fally when we are in the  
dreamland of Poetry. It is  
therefore not possible for me  
to come to Longview in the  
near future. I may however  
manage to see you  
during the September holiday  
when the Chief Court is  
closed. So spend some

time in the company of their  
Highnesses a yourself of honour  
intellectual treat and  
pleasure all combined.

Please convey my most  
respectful salams to them  
and assure them of the  
good wishes of a far off  
friend from circumstances  
cannot rob of his imagination  
though they have cruelly  
robbed him of immediate  
opportunities to visit you  
or their Highnesses.

Yours ever  
S. M. Iqbal

P.S.

Bar-at-Law.

My book on Persian Metaphysics  
is published, I shall soon send  
you a copy. The Poems (Lyrical)  
I hope to publish soon. They will  
be printed in India, bound in Germany  
decorated to Indian taste.

I had heard that Iqbal had refused the Chair of Philosophy  
offered to him by the Aligarh University and so I inquired of him  
the reason of his refusal. I was interested in the Aligarh University,  
having helped the Institution in many ways, and knowing Iqbal's



deas I felt he would have helped the educational cause of the Muslims in India as such a personality was needed by our community. His refusal had caused me concern, and I had written to him on this question. His letter of 9th April 1909 is his reply:

Laurens

9<sup>th</sup> April '09.

My dear Mr. Fergusson,

Thank you so much for your very kind letter which I received this morning.

I cannot tell you who is Mr. Mervat Mubhammad. Probably you do not know him; but you know his wife & I hope you will be able to identify him by this letter.

Yes I refused the Thurgate chair of Philosophy a few days ago I refused to accept the Luman first college chair of history. I do not wish to enter my service. My object is to run away from this country as soon as possible. You know the reason. I owe a sort of moral debt to my brother which detains me.

My life is extremely miserable.  
They force my wife upon me -  
I have written to my father that  
he has no right to arrange  
my marriage especially when  
I have refused to enter into any  
alliance of that sort. I am  
quite-willing to support her,  
but I am not prepared to  
make my life miserable by  
keeping her with me. As a  
human being I have a right  
to happiness - of society - or  
nature deny that to me.  
I defy both. The only cure is  
that I should leave this wretched  
country for ever, or take refuge  
in liquor which makes suicide  
easier. These dead barriers  
leaves of books cannot yield  
happiness; I have got sufficient fire  
in my soul to burn them up &  
all these conventions as well.  
A good God created all this, you say.  
Yes. May be. The fault of his life,  
however, and his different condition.  
It is intellectually <sup>easy</sup> to believe in an eternal  
omnipotent God rather than a  
good God. Please excuse me for  
these utterances. I do not want



sympathy. I wanted only to  
disturb my soul. You know all  
about me, a fortiori reason  
I have ventured to give expression  
to my feelings.

I hope you understand  
now why I refused service

I am extremely sorry that I  
have not been able to get on  
with you for 30. The Secretary of  
the Angierman. told me the  
other day that it was not possible  
to get (one). The other day I  
delivered a public lecture  
on the meaning of religion  
as a factor in the evolution  
of society. I took down only a  
few notes. I do not know whether  
anybody took down what I said.  
The Angierman lecture will be  
in English — 'Islam as a  
moral & political ideal'. If  
it is printed I should send you  
a copy. I shall ask the Editor  
of the Review to send a copy  
of the Review to you.

Wendell Quaker' has come to  
live to practice  
the Chief Court.

I am sorry to hear that you do  
not believe me when I say  
that I wish to come to Bombay  
to see you & Miss Highmore  
who were so very kind to me.  
I certainly do wish to come  
over — whether this would  
be possible I cannot say  
at present. No greater regret  
to me than this.

Two three weeks ago I received  
a letter from your friend Mr.  
Wegman. I like the girl, she  
is so good & thoughtful. I have  
written to her & to the good old  
Frank Professor.

Please remember me to Miss  
Highmore & assure her of my  
friendship — which though I wish  
of much use to them — is <sup>now</sup> ~~not~~  
less true & comforting.

Yours sincerely  
J. B. B.



Iqbal's letter of 9th April 1909 was such that it needed sympathetic treatment and careful handling, and I wrote to him expressing concern at his misfortune. Further, I had accused him of being weak in giving way to such pessimism as he had betrayed in his letter. I had also mentioned that if I could see him personally I would point out his folly in not overcoming minor misfortunes, which is the common legacy of mankind and it was only the less self-sufficient who would resort to such methods as he had expressed. I had suggested his meeting Abdul Qadir (now Sir Abdul Qadir) who was in London at the same time and used to meet us and discuss on different matters concerning our studies in the University. I thought this might distract Iqbal's mind from his pessimistic attitude, and prevent him from dwelling on his 'misfortune' as he called it. I also tried to take his mind away from his present environment by referring to Frau Professor and Miss Wegenast, of whom he was very fond, they being learned in philosophy and also his teachers. I had also asked Iqbal to find for me an 'Ustani' (Teacher) for the Girls' School I was interested in conducting in Janjira. All this helped to distract his attention from dwelling on the matter that troubled him. I was successful to a great extent in my attempt, as will be seen from his letter dated the 17th April 1909 :

Lulu

17<sup>th</sup> Apr. 09.

My dear Miss Atter,

Thank you for the comforting  
words — your letter has brought  
me great relief.

You say you  
want to ask me many  
questions — why don't you?

And you know  
I withhold nothing from you  
& I believe it is a sin to do  
so. I admit, my letters are not  
at all satisfying

but they are necessary so  
for the reasons you mentioned  
in your last letter. Don't accuse  
me of forgetfulness; I forget nothing;  
but I should like to hear the explanation  
because I wish to know  
how you explain. Last night I  
went to heaven & happened to  
pass through the gates of Hell  
I found the place dreadfully



cold. They told me, when they  
found me unmazed, that  
the place was cold in its  
own nature; but that it  
would become intensely hot  
since everybody had to  
bring his own fire from  
the world. I am preparing to  
collect as much burning  
coal as possible in the  
country where there are  
abundant coal mines.

I often see Abdul Qader,  
glance every day in the  
bar room of the Chief Court,  
but we have not talked  
about you for a long time.  
I do not talk much with  
others now; my own wretched  
self is a mine of miserable  
thoughts which emerge snake-  
like from the deep, dark  
holes of my soul. I think I  
will become a snake charmer  
and walk about in the thick  
with a host of curious boys  
behind me.

Don't think that I am a  
pessimist. I tell you misery  
is most delicious; and  
I enjoy my misfortune and  
laugh at those who believe  
they are happy. You see how  
I steal my happiness.

I received a letter from  
Mrs. Wagnath some time ago.  
When I write - that I shall  
remind her of the days when  
you were in Germany - the  
days which will never come  
again. She is at present at  
her own place - Heilbronn;  
but, I believe, she must  
have come by this time to  
Herdberg Wagnath - I am  
Prof. in her teaching work. You  
may rest assured that she  
is quite well. Please excuse  
my bad writing. I do not  
remember what I have  
written before - each moment  
being its own thought-world.  
So that if you find my letter  
incoherent - forgive the vagrant  
vagrant.



As regards the Wastani I have  
received an application today  
forwarded to me by the  
Superintendent of Tenava  
Schools of the Angremani  
Heinayat Islam Lahore.  
I am going to correspond with  
her and shall soon let  
you know of the result.  
But I should like to know  
whether she will have to  
travel in a Public or  
School, and in Angoria or  
Bombay. My elder brother  
is transferred to a place about  
16 miles from Bombay. He  
will proceed shortly.

Two copies of the above  
are sent herewith. I hope  
you will find them interesting.  
Remember me to your  
Highness and believe me  
Yours very truly  
Sybil

---

Owing to my various activities, particularly Muslim girls' education, I was not a regular correspondent, so I do not find any letters between April and July 1909, but it is evident that I must have written to Iqbal during this period with a view to getting his mind away from that particular mood that had overtaken him. Iqbal not only got over the depression that controlled him, but shows a humorous tendency, and starts his reply in this state of mind. I have written that if he ever came to Janjira he would have to take a steamer, boats, tonga, cross creeks, etc., to reach the place. He also refers to my letter telling him that he was wrong in paying attention to petty grievances, and goes on writing in his usual way talking in higher terms of meeting his Creator so as to question him about himself. He also writes several verses in this letter, which make it all an interesting reading. I had for some reasons—I do not remember which—rebuked him and asked him to be more careful, of which he makes a mention; at the end of the letter he refers to a poem he had sent me from Munich, and asked me to send him a copy of the same. The original poem is published below:



Laloe

17<sup>th</sup> July 09.

My dear Miss Miza,

Thank you very much for your letter which I have just received. I find myself extraordinarily cheerful this morning, so please excuse me if you discern a vein of humor in my letter. I have not changed my plans; you are not justified in making the inference from <sup>any</sup> silence. But, of course, I ~~do~~ sometimes scared by two boats; one steamer, two torgas and two creeks - a veritable Vizier which would buy me the fame of Ruston if I could get through it.

The need of Ruston was great and I am not certain what my need would be. I generally make up my mind to do a certain thing & then give myself up to circumstances leaving them to carry me whither they will.

You are not conscious of what  
good you have done me — this  
is true & better so. You could  
not have been conscious of it.  
I am conscious of it, but cannot  
give an expression to it. Let  
us drop the subject. It would  
be futile on my part to describe  
the indescribable, & then you  
say you are not open to conviction.  
How pretty grievances (you are  
wrong in describing them pretty) <sup>may</sup> I know them? You will  
still information on this point —  
especially of these grievances  
are against me — of course  
everybody is waiting patiently  
for the place of rest. I am  
anxious to go to this place  
because I should like to meet  
the Curator and call upon  
him to give me a rational  
explanation of my mind-which  
I think is not an easy  
task for him to do. I am  
incomprehensible to myself —  
you said not complain. Yours



— I wrote —

اقبال علی اقبال سے آگاہ نہیں ہے !  
کچھ اس میں تم بھی نہیں والہ نہیں ہے

Many people have made similar statements about me & I have often laughed at myself. I now propose to give a formal answer to such statements; & you will see it published in the *Faraz*. I have nearly put what people think about me; the answer is yet to be verified.

I am sorry to hear that you were distressed to find people in North India not respecting & admiring me. I tell you that I do not care for other people's respect — I do not mean to live by other people's breath —

جیسا کہ جو شخص غیر شہر دار  
شہرت کی زندگی کا پس منظر ہو

I live a straightforward honest  
life; my heart is in perfect  
unison with my tongue. People  
respect and admire hypocrisy.  
If hypocrisy brings me fame  
respect and admiration I would  
rather die unknown  
undamented. Let the many-headed  
mob of public give their  
doors of respect to others who  
act and live in accordance  
with their false ideals of religion  
& morality. I cannot stoop to  
respect their conventions which  
suppress the woman's freedom  
of man's mind. Byron, Goethe  
and Shelly were not respected  
by their contemporaries — and  
though I am far inferior to  
them in poetic power I am  
proud that I am in their company  
in this respect.

Have I instructed you? You  
have stood in need of instruction.  
I remember I introduced you  
to Plato — but there it ended.  
we read so little of it that



I cannot justify them. The  
honour of having instructed  
you. You say I have no  
regard for your wishes!!

This is indeed strange;  
for I always make it  
a point. to study your  
wishes and to please  
you in any way I can.  
But sometimes, of course,  
such a thing is beyond my  
power. The force of my  
own nature impels me in  
a different direction.

'Otherwise' you would be  
more careful'. I confess  
I do not understand what  
you mean. Please explain  
to me ~~how~~ in what respect  
I shd be more careful. I am  
ready to <sup>do</sup> all that will  
please you. The world  
cannot worship me. I and  
not be worshipped; since

my nature is such that -  
I cannot become an object  
of worship - so intensely  
deeply is engrained in  
me the instinct of  
a worshipper. But if  
the innermost thoughts of my  
soul are <sup>ever</sup> revealed to  
the public, if what lies  
concealed in my heart is  
ever expressed - then, I  
am sure, the world will  
worship me someday after  
my death. They will  
forget my sins, and  
give me the tribute of a  
tear.

The Lt. Governor was  
citing to recommend me  
to the Sec. of State for India  
for the vacant Professorship



in the Lahore Law College,  
but I have given up the  
idea of standing a candidate  
for the appt. much against  
my personal inclination.  
Force of circumstances compels  
me to consider things from a  
financial point of view  
— a point of view which  
was revolting to me a  
few years ago. I have  
decided to continue in the  
legal profession trusting in  
God's help.

Could you send me  
a copy of the poem I  
wrote to you from Munich?  
I have got no copy of it  
and I wish to keep one  
with me.

Respectfully, Lahore  
C. Chenab  
Yours sincerely  
Muhammad Aslam

---

Nothing of importance had happened during the interval, except that Iqbal wrote to me of his desire to visit Hyderabad, and asked for a letter of introduction. I gave him one introducing him to my cousins, Mr. & Mrs. Hydary (Sir Akbar Hydary was the Finance Minister then). To me it seemed that Iqbal was enamoured of Hyderabad and was likely to be influenced by the glamour Indian States offered to outsiders. I was afraid that by going there Iqbal would dissipate his genius in trivialities instead of devoting it to a higher purpose. I knew he was faced with financial troubles, and a man so handicapped might clutch at any straw that comes in his way, so I had sharply reproached him. The idea was that he should not fall a prey to any State temptations.



Lahore

30<sup>th</sup> Mar. 10

My dear Mr. Allyn,

Thank you so much for  
your letter which I enjoyed  
very much. Nothing is more  
enjoyable than to hear from  
a friend. I received Mr. Highmore's  
invitation at Hyderabad  
soon after. I wrote to you  
as to why it was not possible  
for me to come to Minard.  
Yesterday on my return I received  
the letter - the sweet scolding -  
I wired to Mr. Highmore that  
I could not come owing to  
my college engagement which  
has handicapped me so often.  
If I could have stayed a little  
longer at Hyderabad I am sure  
Mr. Highmore the Physician would have

expressed a desire to see me.  
I saw all the big people there  
& most of them invited me  
to their place. My visit to  
Hyderabad had some meaning  
which I shall explain to you  
when we meet. The Hyderys were  
not the only consideration of  
my visit. Perhaps you know  
there. I have not had the  
pleasure of their acquaintance  
before I saw them at Hyderabad.  
I enjoyed my stay with them  
immensely. It is extremely kind  
of Mrs Hydery to speak so kindly  
of me. I felt quite at home  
in her house. I like the  
intensely arab spirit in  
her, and I have a great  
admiration for her good sense  
& wisdom in all the  
affairs which attract her  
attention or sympathy. It was  
chiefly through the influence of  
Mr & Mrs Hydery that I had



The good fortune to see some of  
the best specimens of the Hydrated  
society. Mr. Hydon is a man  
of great culture & broad sympathies.  
I expected him to be a man of  
dry facts & figures, but nature  
has gifted him with a very fine  
imagination & a very tender heart.  
I have immense respect for both  
of them. Theirs is the second real  
home that I have seen — the  
first being the Arnolds. Mrs Hydon  
is a person of intuition whereby  
she can see things more clearly  
than we men. By their cold  
analyzing reason.

Now would you <sup>be</sup> so good as convey  
my apologies to their Highnesses &  
ask pardon on my behalf. I really  
do not know what became of  
my letter which I wrote to you after  
the receipt of Her Highness's note.  
I am unfortunately a man who  
does not reveal his affections  
but they are none the less deep  
for want of expression. People  
are apt to think that I am cold.  
Please assure their Highnesses that

I am always at their disposal, &  
 whenever it is possible for me to  
 come to Jangira I shall do so with the  
 greatest pleasure. I had only ten  
 days casual leave which expired  
 on 28<sup>th</sup>. I left Hyderabad on the  
 20<sup>th</sup> & it takes about 4 days to  
 reach Lahore from Hyderabad. Moreover  
 I had to visit Aurangzeb's Tomb  
 on my way back on which I am  
 going to write - the most stirring  
 poem that the readers of Uroon have  
 ever read. I reached Lahore on  
 the morning of the 28<sup>th</sup> 29<sup>th</sup> & had  
 to go straight to the College & hence to  
 the Court. Under these circumstances -  
 you can see for yourself - it  
 was not possible for me to make a  
 trip to Jangira. I had, therefore, to  
 forego the pleasure of seeing these Hydrabad  
 I hope this explanation will convince  
 you & you will act the advocate  
 for me. I have got my faults;  
 but certainly not hypocrisy &  
 indifference. Perhaps I am a  
 mystery (even to myself!) as  
 you would like to put it; but this  
 "mystery" is known to everybody.

"میرزا کا یہ حال ہے کہ وہ  
 خود کو ایک راز قرار دیتا ہے"



ing ways may be strange, but there  
are people in this wicked world  
whose ways are stranger than mine.  
Opportunity is <sup>the</sup> only test of a man's  
real nature. If any opportunity comes  
I shall certainly show you how  
intensely I love my friends &  
how deeply my heart beats for  
them all. People hold life dear &  
rightly so. I have got the strength  
to give it freely away when it  
is required by others. No! don't  
call me indifferent or hypocritical  
not even by implication, for it  
hurts my soul & makes me  
shudder at your ignorance of  
my nature. I wish I could turn  
inside outwards in order to give  
you a better view of my soul  
which you think is darkened by  
hypocrisy & indifference.

Please ask forgiveness on my  
behalf for this unavoidable  
remissness & let me know  
immediately that my explanation  
has convinced you.

Yours ever  
Maud Lybal

After this I must have written another sharp letter, scolding him for I was convinced that his employment in any service in an Indian State would work against his genius. His letter dated the 7th April 1910 explains itself.

Lahore

7<sup>th</sup> April 10

My dear Miss Hyslop,

Thank you very much for your kind letter which I received this morning. You do not seem to realize that I wrote to you two letters from Hyderabad, one before I heard anything from you, & the other after I had recd. your telegram. In my second letter I acknowledged your telegram & explained to you how it was not possible for me to come to Janyora, to tell all. I wish I could have it. This second letter which would have saved you a good deal of scolding went wrong.



I am at a loss to know  
why it did not reach you  
I am afraid you are suffering  
from a very bad misunderstanding  
about my conduct & motives  
and it is not easy to cure you  
of it without seeing you.  
It has become, in the interests  
of friendship which I still  
claim absolutely necessary  
that we should see each  
other. And I shall find time  
to do so, though you think  
there could <sup>be</sup> no opportunity -  
your verbal explanation I  
hope I shall be able to convince  
you of my truth & sincerity -  
I believe in your good nature  
But for the present I must  
ask you to convey my  
explanation to their Highnesses,

I am sure they are more  
forgiving than you are. The  
misunderstanding Mr. has  
unfortunately come between us  
has many causes, & these  
causes, I am afraid, are  
unconsciously working in  
your mind. It is my mis-  
fortune that they have  
so far prejudiced you against  
me that you charge me  
with insincerity & untruth.  
Please do not make any  
inferences about my visit  
to Hyderabad - such as reception  
by the Nazim etc. - until you  
have heard me. I could  
not have undertaken such  
a long journey merely for  
seeing friends at a time  
when I could ill afford to  
do so. I may tell you that  
I do agree with you in what  
you say about the Hyderabad Society.



I thought, until this morning  
when I received your last  
letter, that there was an  
undercurrent of goodwill in  
your letter I received on my return  
to Lakon. But this letter has  
upset me; I find that you  
are really angry with me.  
Your letter has upset me  
& I shall have to bear all  
this until I have cleared  
myself in your eyes. I  
assure you that my mind  
has not undergone any  
change; I am still the  
same person & you will see  
it for yourself one day.  
I predict it.

Where did I speak of the  
Agiains' recognition as an honour?  
You know I don't care for  
all these things I do not  
wish to become known as  
a poet; though unfortunately  
people know me in this

capacity - . Only the other day  
I received a letter from an  
Italian Baroness at Naples  
asking me to send a few  
of my poems with Eng. translation.  
But I feel no enthusiasm  
about poetry & you are res-  
ponsible for it. . . What  
do I care for a native ruler's  
recognition when I receive  
recognitions from persons of  
culture in foreign lands?  
No! My dear <sup>Miss</sup> ~~Miss~~ <sup>Styga</sup> do not  
misunderstand me; do  
not be so cruel & you  
have shown yourself, beyond  
my expectations, in your last  
letter. You have not heard  
all. You do not know  
my troubles which will, to  
a great extent, explain my  
conduct. A thorough explanation  
of my attitude towards you  
will require an intolerably  
long letter - perhaps more letters



than one. Moreover the actual  
sound of words is 'more convincing'  
than the mere reproduction of  
their sound on paper. Paper  
lacks humanity - and there  
are things which ought not  
to appear on paper. Do not  
be so 'hard' in judging  
my motives. You accuse me  
of being very 'mercenary'  
& 'practical'. Perhaps there is  
an element of truth in it; but  
when you know all the circumstances  
you too will find some justification  
for it. In other respects I am  
still a dreamer and "a  
dreamer of engrossed fancies"  
as one of your friends has  
recently called me in an  
essay of his on modern literature.  
His Highness was not mistaken.  
in looking upon you the only authority  
on my whereabouts. May I  
suggest that you did not

choose to continue to be so;  
Though I have confessed & shall  
always confess the power of  
this authority? Some people  
look upon me ~~with~~ - as an  
imitator and about about  
you; but ~~perhaps~~ <sup>imagine</sup> my disappointment.  
When I heard from other people  
that you <sup>have had</sup> designed to visit.  
I know ~~another~~ <sup>a</sup> ~~man~~ was  
already in it! And you did  
not condescend to drop a line  
to me! It was sheer chance  
that I had the pleasure to  
see you only to make myself  
more miserable. I am afraid  
I am writing things which ought  
to be reserved for talk. I shall  
not write more about it, since  
I feel tempted to outpour myself  
& say many other things - not  
necessarily of the same kind -



which I need not say on  
paper. For the sake of those days  
when you had so much confidence in  
me, and for me, grant me  
one thing - request <sup>their Highnesses</sup> on my  
behalf to realize my situation  
and forgive me for my remissness.  
If I could have come nothing could  
have been more pleasant to  
me. I do not say more, lest  
the tone of <sup>my</sup> letter be looked upon  
as insincere. It is my misfortune  
that you read my letters  
with the background of a  
wrong impression of my attitude  
towards you, and do not make  
an effort to get rid of a  
channel of thought or feeling  
in which your mind has  
begun to run. If you cannot  
do so, then for the sake of  
truth and honesty which, as you  
think, are no longer mine,  
but which, as I believe, are

assuredly yours, wait - till  
the whole thing comes before you.  
It is only just, to do so; and  
you are just, even though  
you may be, at times, cruel  
& unrelenting. In memory  
of those days, then, — day dead  
— nature, are living in my heart —  
do convey my message to them  
& tell them not to attribute  
my remembrance to indifference,  
or to the fact that — any other  
person holds a warmer place  
in my heart one higher in  
my estimation. On my return  
to Lahore I received your letter  
and wired to His Highness requesting  
to him that I could not  
visit. I am owing to College  
engagement. But I do not know  
whether my telegram reached  
him or went wrong like  
my letter from Hyderabad which



has caused this unfortunate  
circumstaning.

Thank you so much for the  
copy of the poem which you  
have so kindly sent - to me.  
It was very needed. I tried  
to recollect the verses, but could  
not do so in spite of  
repeated efforts. I have been  
receiving letters from various  
parts of the country to bring  
out my poems in book form.  
A gentleman whom you have perhaps  
met has offered to do the  
whole thing for me - to write  
an introduction, to get them printed  
in the best printing press in India  
& to get the book bound in  
Germany. But I feel no enthusiasm  
for poetry; I feel as if Sorrow  
has slain my pretty muse  
& I am left widowed of  
all my imagination. Perhaps

the poem on Awarazeh - whose  
tomb I have recently visited -  
will be my last. I feel as  
if it is my duty to write - this  
poem & hope that, once completed,  
it will live for some time  
to come. I think I must finish  
now; I have bored you enough.  
It is now half past twelve; I  
feel extremely tired after the  
days work of the week with  
a heavy heart.

Thanking you for all  
your scolding

Yours ever sincerely  
Muhammad Iqbal  
Allah

7<sup>th</sup> April 10.



During April 1910 and July 1911 many things happened that made Iqbal's life miserable, and nothing could have averted the misfortune that made him look on life from a bitter stand point. Whether this was to change the line of his thought, destiny alone knows, but certainly, things were so contrived that Iqbal's entire attention was directed towards writing of deeper and more enigmatical problems than he had hitherto concentrated upon. His father asking him to write a Masnavi in Persian after Bu Ali Qalandar, enlarged his scope of vision, and made him direct his attention to philosophical literature in great strength, his lyrical mood seemed to drop from him, leaving him strong and bitter, hurling questions even at the Creator to get his doubts answered. What answer he received is known from his life's work, as the questioning continued without bringing him the necessary satisfaction. In many cases he took refuge in Western philosophers like Neitsche and Chopin, while poets like Shelley and Byron were receding in the background, and Iqbal stood defiant, hurling things boldly but not indiscriminately.

Lahore

7<sup>th</sup>. July 1911

My dear Miss Fyvie,

I am so sorry that I have not been able to attend to your very kind letter which I received sometime ago. The reason is that I have been very much upset during these days. — My misfortune has been following me like a faithful dog; and I have learnt to like the same for her unflinching loyalty to her miserable King. Detail I shall let you know later on.

Regarding the poems I shall be glad to send you a copy of. A friend of mine has lent me his collection of my poems and I have engaged a man to transcribe it for me. When his work is over I shall receive



the whole, rewrite. The poems fit  
 for publication & send a copy  
 of these to you. You need not be  
 grateful to me, I am only making  
 you happy, as you say in your  
 kind letter, is my sufficient  
 reward. On the other hand I am  
 grateful to you for the admiration  
 which I do not deserve at all.  
 But <sup>which</sup> will you do with. These  
 poems — these writings of  
 a bleeding heart? There  
 is nothing of cheerfulness  
 in them. As I say in my  
 dedication —

” چندہ بر طبع غم خیز نیست  
 تو بسم مرئی طیوں کو ختم  
 درد کے بابت سرسبز گشت سخن  
 فطرت نام کے آئینے میں غم بزم ”

My great difficulty is selection for  
 publication. During the last  
 5, 6 years my poems have  
 become more of a private

nature & I believe the public have  
 no right to read them. Some  
 of them I have destroyed altogether  
 for fear ~~of~~ somebody  
 stirring them away & publishing them.  
 However I shall see what I  
 can do. Father has asked me  
 to write a Masnawi in  
 Persian after Bu Ah Qalandar;  
 & in spite of the difficulty of  
 the task I have undertaken  
 to do so. Here are the  
 opening verses -

"ناله را انداز نو ایجادش - ز برم را از پائے و سوا باو کن  
 آتش اتی ز برم عالم بر فروز - دیگران را هم از بس آتش خود  
 سینه را سر منزل قصه ناله ساز - انکب خویش را جگر بر کاله ساز  
 پشت بابر خویش دنیا بزین - موج بیرون این دریا بزین"

The rest I have forgotten; but hope  
 to be able to recollect ~~them~~ when  
 I return from Court. It is now too  
 late to send by post. Herewith  
 is enclosed a jig which  
 is recently published in



the poet. I have written to  
my friend Sardar Amaro Singh  
(whom I suppose you know)  
to send me a copy of his Eng.  
translation of a few verses  
which I wrote to Miss  
Fotterman (a friend of  
Princess Shalip Singh) on  
her presenting to me a  
beautiful flower plucked  
from the Shalimar fountains.  
The original, I am afraid,  
is not with me. I shall  
try to find it out for  
you.

Please remember me  
to their Highnesses with  
your sincere  
Md. Iqbal

---

By now Iqbal had completely given himself to writing on deeper matters. I received many poems & prose writings from him, in fact I do not know of any occasion that he let pass without sending me his literary efforts, & in some cases important poems that were

not even published were sent to me. The Post of December 14th 1911 brought a most interesting collection from Iqbal, particularly those lines he calls musical, saying he wished he were with me to sing them to me in that particular musical tone which he had visualised in his mind.

Lahore

14<sup>th</sup> Dec. 1911

Dear Mr. Fyfe,

Thank you so much for your kind letter which I received a moment ago. So now I have the poem to Mrs. Waiden if you think she can much appreciate her poetry.

This is one of the new poems which are yet unpublished. There are a few <sup>more</sup> verses ~~more~~ which I wrote. It is by far before yesterday early in the morning at 4 AM. I have never tried this metre before. It is extremely musical; I wish I had been there to sing the poem to you as the Begum Sahiba.

Yours sincerely  
M. I. Iqbal

---

M. I. I.



اگر ہم کو یہ نصیب دیا گیا ہے  
 کہ ہم کو یہ نصیب دیا گیا ہے  
 کہ ہم کو یہ نصیب دیا گیا ہے  
 کہ ہم کو یہ نصیب دیا گیا ہے  
 کہ ہم کو یہ نصیب دیا گیا ہے  
 کہ ہم کو یہ نصیب دیا گیا ہے

زندگانی ہے مری مثل ریاختنوش - جسکی ہر رنگ کے نعوش سے رب بیزار نوش  
 بر لبِ کون دمکوں جسکی غموشی پشمار - جھکے ہزار میں ہیں سیکڑوں نعوش کا غرار  
 عشرتیں نوا کا ہے این جھکا سوت - اورنت کش ہجام نہیں جھکا سوت

آہ! امید محبت کی برائی نہ کبھی  
 چوٹ اس ساز نے مضراب کی کدائی نہ کبھی!

گدائی ہے نسیم چین طور کبھی - سب گردوں سے ہر آن نفس حور کبھی  
 جھیرا آہستہ سے دبی ہی مرناس حیات - جس سے ہوتی ہے دہار و گزشتہ حیات  
 نعمتِ یاس کی دہمکی صرا اٹھتی ہے - اسٹ کے قافلے کو بانگِ درا اٹھتی ہے

جسطحِ زلفتِ شبنم نے مذاقِ رم سے

میری فطرت کی بلندی کو اے خم سے!

محبوب

برآجریہ

تیرسم کرتی رانی زورِ قہر اب اندر  
رادیا بہ حجاب اندر میری بہ حجاب اندر

برکت و خیاباں بیچ، برکھ و باباں بیچ  
برقے کہ پور پیچید مرد بسحاب اندر

ایں صوتِ دل آویزے از لہ زخمِ طربِ نیست!

ہم بکھر جاں حورے نالہ بر باب اندر

شہزادایں در درک لنگِ عظمیٰ

بہی ہر سہ



In January 31 while on the terrace of Aiwan-e-Rif'at, we had a lady visiting us when Iqbal called. The young lady who had a lovely voice sang to us in the beautiful calm of the evening. The following lines were recieved from Iqbal later:—

جہان را مہندی دلچسپی توئی : ندرایم چہ الی ہر طبعی توئی  
 حرم درازت را درین برودہ راہ : پایتہ ویردہ ارشاد غمی ہم

a soliloquy

رخصت یحییٰ، ان دین سیو بھی دین نہ میر دین  
 حیران ہیں کیونکر وہ معبود دین سر دین  
 خو جین جو بُرہی اتی ہیں پس پا او بھی کر دین  
 ایک آن میں یہ نہت دنیا لاٹھوں کے بہر دس  
 آفت میں کوئی بوجھیں والا بھی نہ ہوتا  
 اسی کاش سیو بھی نہ یحییٰ پا ار بھی نہ ہوتا  
 کیسے یہ مصیبت خفاک پیر نہ ڈالی  
 جا بنگی کہنی جب نہ ارھی سید عالی  
 نہ دہشت نہ عجز اور نہ لانا موالی  
 مجھ آنے کا جیبا بھی دو حال کے عالی  
 یادست میں یا کورہ کی دہان میں رہیں گے  
 یا بیڑیاں بچھے ہوئی زندان میں رہیں گے

میرا کہو گھر عمر علی لا کرے برس کی  
 بدیل ہے اور تھتی تھیں تعلیف نفس کی  
 وادہ درد نوا آتی ہے یہ ادا از جرس کی  
 دینا ہے مسافر کو قوی غیر نفس کی  
 اس دن کو اور توشہ عجب نہ ملے  
 تانہ دھونڈیگا تو پر مشعلیں ایسے ملے

ایسا کہ مرغا ہے علی راہ دیکھ دی  
 درد ازہ رحمت تجھی ملے دیکھ دی  
 جس در کا ہون ششانی وہ در گاہ دیکھ دی  
 در بار شہتہ نہک جاہ دیکھ دی  
 وان ہو خون جان و شہ بھی پایہ بھی رکھتے  
 ہا یہ مین اوکے ہون جو پایہ بھی رکھتے

Changes in life

ان بدیع کہ درخیشان روزگار  
 جو دن میں شگن محروم بہار



وقت قرار دادی گوشه در تنهایی  
برای مرا طراوت فردوس در کنده  
همواره محبتی و مهر و بر و سحر  
پیوسته شعور و شادمانی و مهر و محار  
اکسیر کافور که زنگ بر دایم غمی رسد  
تا رخ بخون آید و شوقم هزار بار  
چایچ کل ز سر گشت کف روی  
خارج بدل نمیدهد و اینگی هزار  
دایم بدل ز وقت دلی نمانده اف  
کس عوطف داده اف بکنم هزار بار  
چشم کشوده ز بکر ادر دای من  
ز آنیدن نامیدم و ز اقرت شکر

دو برتن قفسه نهفتند در خاک: بگری جبریلی رنج اختیار کنی  
 یادش بچرخ تا چه تدر بهر برده با اکاف جو بار حین جاگیتی  
 از هیچ نقش غیر نگرانی دید: پاکی دیر و خویر زیبا کیستی  
 از زمانه اهل از دست تر ناگاه از دنیا نقد سستی که بود ای بباری نری  
 چون زبانه لال و جان پیر خو غا نرود: بایست از خوش بر بیدار با نرود  
 گزشتن غرض و حکما حسن خویش: جان خدایت دیر و ابر قفسه  
 ز کلف و شایع نرا اهل پزار: تیار گرمی متا را به بزم  
 خاک خون با و در عرض امان وجود: زلف و رخسار سحر و کل  
 غم نشود و ندوب هر زهره سیرای تبند: دل بود در دشت و چشم نگر از دشت  
 خوش بود و غم نایز بهر غم و ایمان ز لبت  
 صدف کا فرودن و او غم صدف ز لبت

I have no hesitation in saying that Iqbal's genius was suppress-  
 ed instead of being developed, and India and the Indian conditions  
 under which he had to live were responsible for this disaster. By  
 nature Iqbal was a man of great mental ability and a genius of  
 extraordinary merit. His memory was remarkable; what he read once  
 was engraved on his mind. In ordinary conversation he was witty



and his humour contained a note of cynicism which however had no hint of scorn or contempt. When he read a description of a town or a place it almost stood before him, for, when he visited the place in reality it was to him a familiar spot, and he spoke of it as having studied its conditions thoroughly. This was my experience when he was in our company during our visit to Munich. The Professors who were accompanying us on our instructive and educational tour were amazed at Iqbal's knowledge of the different institutions, museums, galleries and places of learning, which he was visiting for the first time; and in company of these German Professors, and particularly the Beautiful Frau Senachal and Frau Wegenast, he seemed to develop a brilliancy he himself was surprised at, for not only were these women professors were beautiful, but so talented that even the learned appeared insipid before them, though Iqbal sparkled in their midst.

From facts given here, one is able to infer correctly if Iqbal's early activities and efforts to widen his range of knowledge has been completely fruitful, or if he has missed being what he might have been. It can also be assumed that certain incidents in his life may have caused him to become that which we find him in his writings. Whatever it may be, the distinction he has gained is all that matters now. Many have thought fit to compare him with other writers, but I dislike the idea of comparing great minds, for each has his own way of making himself distinct from the rest, and Iqbal's achievement is unique in the realm of intellectual thinking. Obviously it is wrong to presume when one finds a particular idea expressed by Iqbal similar to that of some other writer, that he has copied it or been influenced by it, although it is inevitable that the things one reads in order to expand one's vision, sink into one's consciousness and are reproduced in a fleeting mood. Shakespeare based so many of his dramas on Bocaccio's stories, but Bocaccio had never reached that depth of thought or height of intellectual imagination as expressed by Shakespeare in his works. It is also unwise to consider Eastern thinking as different from the West. It is true that there is an essential difference in the mode of living and thinking of these two people, on account of the conditions prevail-

ing both sides of the Suez, but as I have said, it is only the surface crust that is affected, and no sooner does the human mind break through the crust and delve deeper into the core of things, he finds the same substance within, may he be of East or West.

Iqbal's method of thinking was different from the rest of the known writers of the world, and I can only say that the root cause of this distinction lay in the knowledge he had absorbed from the Quranic teachings. I will not say that he fully realised the internal meaning that lies underneath the words of the Quran, but he certainly based many of his ideas on this holy and inspired structure and was the richer for such knowledge. For instance, his "Asrar-e-Khudi" shows he fully realised the greatness of the complete freedom given to man on Earth, by virtue of which he tries to snatch the power the Creator wields over His Creation, which he considers his own and falls short in his achievement. He then demands an explanation, wants to know for himself all that is hidden, and even challenges the Creator blaming Him for those mysteries of Creation which remain hidden from him. "Live so beautifully" he exclaimed towards the end, "that if death is the end of all, GOD himself may be put to shame for having ended thy career."

The social customs of India though they have nothing to do with religion are held paramount in Indian life, and one is forced to abide by the will, wishes and the dictates of the family. This method has caused the ruin of a number of men and women of genius, and Iqbal's instance is a most cruel tragedy, caused by such family obstinacy. Iqbal as I knew him in Europe was never the same personality in India, and those who did not have the advantage of coming across him in his early days, can never measure the standard of intelligence he was capable of displaying. In India his brilliance was blotted out, and as time went on this blot permeated his entire consciousness. He moved and lived dazed and degraded in his own mind, for he knew what he "might have been." Even as I write I am conscious of one or two instances of Indian girls of delicate and refined temperament with intellectual capacity of reaching the desired height, are marked out for such sacrifice, only because the family wishes her to be married to someone, to get rid



of her, their one concern is that she would be held respectable before such society. Her own life has no value; all that matters to the elders is to satisfy the curiosity of the unthinking herd. Having seen Iqbal's tragedy I am appealing to my community to take this as a warning, and think seriously before interfering with young lives.



